

Brownie Points by CasaByers

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Summary:

Four months after they saved the world... again, Nancy is done waiting, and she hopes Jonathan is as well.

Brownie Points

Three months. Three months and Nancy was about ready to scream. Through no fault of anyone really, but she was so frustrated, and she had reached the end of her rope. And it was all because of Jonathan Byers...

After the incident, after it all, before the Snowball, her and Jonathan had agreed that it was too complicated to be together... in that way. They had become friends, best friends, hung out all the time, went to the movies, studied at each other's houses and just did best friends things. And they were okay. But now, now she had reached her limit. It wasn't just a sex thing, although the thought had made her even more frustrated, it was that she wanted to be with him in every way possible, to hold him at night and kiss him when she wanted to.

She knew he felt the same, the lingering looks he would give her, how close he would sit or stand. She realized they were heading to what had happened before, only this time, they were both waiting.

Well, Nancy Wheeler was done waiting.

Nancy had it all planned out, she'd get him over under the guise helping her cook, while her family was in Chicago visiting family. She'd have the house to herself and Jonathan to herself.

She had gotten ready, was wearing a shorter skirt, shorter than what she normally wore, and a cute blue sweater. The house was warm, smelled of warm spices and she had the ingredients laid out on the counter.

Just as she was checking her hair, making sure she her lip-gloss was just right, there was a knock on the front door.

She got excited, tonight would either end wonderfully or terribly awkwardly. She walked to the door, peaked out the side window, she had to stifle a giggle because there he was, making sure his flannel shirt was sitting, he ran a hand through his hair quickly tried to fix it.

Nancy smiled sweetie and opened the door.

“Jonathan, hey.” Nancy said as flirty as she could.

Jonathan smiled at her, “hey,” he gave a little wave, Nancy stepped back and let him in.

Jonathan looked around, looked back and watched her close and lock the door.

He started to take off his coat, he paused when he heard some music coming from the kitchen, he recognized the song and was confused.

“is that The Cure?” he asked as she walked up behind him and took his jacket from his grasp.

“yes, you included some of their songs on a mixtape that you gave me,” she walked ahead, and Jonathan followed her into the kitchen.

“yeah, but not this song...” he walked over to the cassette deck and looked at it.

“yeah, I liked what they sounded like... I think that album is called ‘Pornography’... or something?” Nancy mentioned, she watched as his body got rigid for a moment, before he turned back to her.

“yeah... good album.” He gave her this look that she couldn’t place, but it made her heart quicken.

Nancy tried to hide her blush, because she was looking at him too long, his blue jeans were those ones that fit him so well, he was wearing a blue t-shirt that fit him well and his blue flannel. He looked good... so good.

“um... thanks for stopping by to help me, my mom is in Chicago, visiting some in-laws.” Nancy whispered as she walked around the center island, “so I couldn’t ask her for help.” Nancy explained.

Jonathan was on the other side, he had been watching her, but blinked and nodded, “right, you needed help baking? For a bake sale?” he asked before he started to look at the ingredients on the counter.

“yes! I stupidly told my mom that I could handle it... and here I am.” Nancy gave a little shrug.

Jonathan looked back at her, “not stupid, I’m going to help you.” He gave a little grin, a shy grin.

Nancy smiled back. “awesome, I guess let’s get started.” She said feeling a lot better about the direction of things.

Twenty minutes later and Nancy was watching as Jonathan carefully poured some of the melted chocolate into the brownie batter, he saved half and set it aside before he stirred the batter. He poured the batter into the pan, and then Nancy opened the oven, so he could put the brownies in, she closed it and set the timer.

“and there we go, we just have to wait 30 to 35 minutes.” Jonathan

looked proud.

Nancy was looking at him with a soft smile, she hated to admit it, but watching him bake was hot. She realized she had it bad.

“that’s great, I’ll help you clean up.” Nancy said as she grabbed the used mixing bowl. She’d wash the dishes, the least she could do, since he did all the work and she just watched him.

There was still some batter in the bowl. Nancy didn’t think about it, she used her index finger to wipe some from the side, and sucked the tip into her mouth, it was delicious. She realized it had been years since she last licked the batter from the bowl. She was sort of reveling in that memory, she did it again, and heard a small intake of air. She looked over and found Jonathan was watching her.

He quickly looked away, using the dish towel to rub at the counter. Nancy smiled suddenly, she walked up to him, “there’s still some.” Nancy whispered, “you should taste it, make sure it tastes right.”

Jonathan looked at her, he went to reach with his own finger, but Nancy beat him to it, she used her index finger to get some of the batter and she held it up for him.

They were so close, eyes locked, Nancy could see his pupils dilate. He leaned forward, opened his mouth and took her finger between his lips.

Nancy felt weak, she felt heat pool low in her tummy, she felt his tongue against her finger, and then he slowly pulled back, sucking her finger clean. He never broke eye contact.

Nancy was frozen. She hadn’t been expecting that. He then blinked and looked away.

Nancy sighed, she turned to the sink and set the bowl in it, turning on the hot water, she watched it for a moment, trying to tamp down how turned on she was.

Suddenly, Jonathan was right behind her, he set the glass bowl of melted chocolate on the counter next to her. She froze, he was pressed slightly against her from behind. "it was really sweet... but I don't think that was the brownie batter." Jonathan's voice was in her ear, low and soft. She felt his hand on her hip, gentle, his thumb slipping under the edge of her sweater, so he could touch her bare skin.

She felt his hot breath on her neck, "is this okay?" he asked softly.

She melted back against him, her eyes closed, "yes."

Jonathan's hand on her hip squeezed her tighter, which had the opposite effect on her, she giggled and tried to get out of his grasp... too ticklish. And in the process, she knocked the bowl of chocolate. It fell off the counter, hitting the floor, the glass didn't break, but chocolate splattered up and on them both... and the kitchen.

Nancy was stunned, and then she looked down and realized she had chocolate on herself, she looked up and saw that Jonathan also had chocolate on himself. "this is your fault." Nancy pointed out.

Jonathan raised his brow and then he took a step towards her, avoiding slipping on the chocolate. "I'll clean it up later." He mumbled as he closed in on her.

Nancy didn't step back and waited, he was up against her and then his lips were crashing to hers, one hand in her hair, the other wrapping around her waist, holding her close.

Nancy sighed into the kiss, she'd been waiting three months for this, kissing him was like being home.

Jonathan walked her back into the counter, gently, his wrist stopped her back from hitting the edge. His tongue slipped out and traced her lips and she parted them, the noise that came from the back of his throat when her tongue slid against his, sounded like a growl and it only made Nancy want more.

She pulled away from the kiss, to catch her breath, and his lips went to her neck and Nancy ended up on her tiptoes, trying to help him have more access to her skin there, although he didn't mind having to crouch down a bit to do so.

His lips were soft on her skin and she gasped when his tongue slipped out to lick the bits of chocolate that had gotten on her. She had her hands in his hair and she needed to be closer.

And on cue, his hands were on her hips, his lips still on her neck, he carefully lifts her up and sat her on the counter. Much to Nancy's shock. She gasped, and he reclaimed her mouth with his. He stepped between her thighs and grunted as his jeans pressed against her warm center.

Nancy moaned when he ground himself against her. She pulled away from the kiss, her hands still in his hair. "now." she breathed.

Jonathan looked at her bewildered, "what?" he asked, breathing heavy.

"fuck me. Now." Nancy clarified, she hoped he would get it.

Jonathan's eyes got even darker, the growl sound he made caused

Nancy to gasp, excited, he captured her lips with his. His right hand went to her knee and gently slid up her thigh. And then it was his turn to gasp and pull back when he didn't feel anything under skirt. He met her eyes.

And then Nancy innocently reached into the top of her own sweater, and pulled out a foil wrapped condom.

Jonathan didn't question it; his lips were back on her neck as he started to pull her sweater up and over her head. Once it was tossed to the floor, she started to pull at his shirts, Jonathan stepped back only a little bit, so he could devest himself. Nancy held the wrapped condom between her teeth as she unhooked her bra and tossed it aside.

Jonathan stood there, looking at her, only wearing her skirt, his chest was heaving, Nancy reached for him by his belt and pulled him close as she unfastened it, his hands went to her hips and he ducked his head to gently take one of her nipples into his mouth. And action that got a loud moan out of Nancy. She was still trying to undo his belt, but she leaned and pressed a kiss to his temple as he gently suckled her.

He looked up at her, a small grin on his face, "I missed you, Nancy."

Nancy felt like crying, fucking him marrying him and crying some more. She took his face in her hands and kissed the tip of his nose, then his lips.

This kiss was slow and wasn't hurried, his hands slipped back around her hips as he stepped closer, his pants dropped, and Nancy reached down with one hand to gently push his boxers down and then she used her feet to get them down his legs. Their lips never parted, and Nancy gasped when his bare tip pressed against her center.

She pulled away from the kiss and ran her hand down his chest and

then she quickly unwrapped the condom and took him in her hand and slipped it on.

Jonathan's hands on her hips tightened, Nancy wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips as he slid inside of her.

Her loud whimper was muffled by his tongue in her mouth, she held him closer as his hips started to thrust against her.

Jonathan broke the kiss to breath, pressing his face into her neck as he slowly thrust his hips into her. Along with the soft moans he was letting out, he started to press kisses along her neck and trace her pulse with his tongue.

Nancy was resisting the urge to bite his shoulder, her fingers were in his hair, scratching at his scalp, her heels were pressed into his ass. The pleasure that was mounting in her stomach and she started to let soft whimpers out, "faster." Was all she could say.

Jonathan obliged, his hips started to move faster, he would pull his dick almost all the way out and drive in smooth and fast. Her walls were squeezing him and fluttering around him, causing him to grunt happily into her neck.

His new speed, plus the noises of pleasure in her ear, his sweaty body firm against hers, Nancy gave into her urge and bit his shoulder, he hissed and only thrust faster.

The coil low in her tummy and at the end of her clit was about to snap. "mmmmm," she hummed after she finished soothing where she had bit with her tongue.

Jonathan reached a hand between them and his thumb found her clit,

he pressed it in, rubbed it around and that was it.

Nancy's head shot back, she was over the edge, about to let go, and then it snapped, she saw stars and her whole body shuddered as pleasure pulsed through her from her head to her toes. "Jonathan," was all she could whisper into his ear as she gripped him tight.

While the loudest moan he'd ever heard left her and then his name passed her lips and as her walls squeezed him so tight he couldn't move, he came, hard. He drove his hips in one last time and his body went rigid, her walls squeezing him prolonged it, he moaned into her neck and sighed happily as the intense part left him.

For a moment, they just stayed that way, still holding each other, heavy breaths leaving them both. She breaks it first as she kisses his face, peppering soft kisses all along his face, breathing in deeply and sighing happily.

Jonathan made a happy grunting sound as he nuzzled her neck, enjoyed her wanting to snuggle with him, even in this awkward position.

The buzzer on the stove going on startled them both. They looked over at the stove, then back at each other. But it wouldn't shut up.

"I should um..." he said it softly as he pointed to the oven with his thumb.

"yeah... don't want them to burn." Nancy whispered.

Jonathan stepped back as Nancy unwrapped herself from around him. He slipped out and she missed him in her, missed the contact.

Jonathan bent to pull up his boxers and walked to the stove, shut off the timer and grabbed an oven mitt. Pulling the brownies out, he set the hot pan on a trivet and turned back to Nancy. She was gathering their discarded clothes.

“we should shower.” Nancy said softly before she walked up to him, pressed a kiss to his chin and walked out of the kitchen.

Jonathan watched her, followed her only a second later, he figured they could clean up the mess in the kitchen later.

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The kitchen was clean, Jonathan was wearing his boxers and his t-shirt, everything else had chocolate on it, so they were in the wash. He was currently enjoying a brownie and some milk at the kitchen island. He was grinning slightly, today had turned out much more differently than he had thought.

Nancy walked into the kitchen, with her bathrobe on, she furrowed her brow, “you cleaned up?” she asked, “I could have helped.” She added.

Jonathan shrugged, “you did the laundry, besides... it was sort of my fault.”

Nancy smiled shyly at him, then she got a serious, “um... about what happened...” she started to say, she met his eyes and saw the worry in them, so she quickly got to the point. “I’m done waiting and- “

“I’m done waiting too.” Jonathan walked towards her, he took in a deep breath, “there are three people I love more than anything in this

world... and you're one of them." He said it with confidence, but his voice was soft, he was looking her in the eyes as he spoke, hoping she knew how deep his love was.

Nancy wanted to cry. She stepped closed, got on her tiptoes, pressed a kiss to his lips, before she wrapped her arms around his back. Jonathan returned the hug. "I love you too." She whispered. He squeezed her tighter.

They pulled apart, Nancy rubbed at his chest. "but we need to make more brownies because they were actually for a bake sale and you're eating them." Nancy whispered.

Jonathan furrowed his brow then he looked back at Nancy. He moved fast, and she squeaked when he picked her up, bride style, "maybe later." He carried her out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

Nancy was giggling the whole time, only for it to be replaced with a soft moan only moments later.

Fin.

Author's Note:

this was written over a couple of hours and it isn't beta'd. but if you like it... please leave a review. I'll be posting some more soon! I hope this is good!